

"Romants," the Monkish Histories, and the Eastern religions and their founders as "fairy" stories. Tell them that all such are essentially veracious in fact, and essentially fanciful in detail. But never let them have tastes and powers of discrimination vitiated by endless tales, popular because they pander to undeveloped taste, consistent in detail and revelling in upholstery, but in spirit—pot-boilers written at so much per thousand words.

Grown men and women must choose for the little ones the real fairy stories—they have known magic, black or white, and should respect it.

So we ourselves turn the pages of life with half a sigh and half a smile, and settle down again to read the for-ever true and deathless story:—"Once upon a time there lived a King and a Queen who had an only son. . . . Now Prince Charming had a powerful fairy god-mother who was known as 'Bonne Chance,' and she led him to the common where sat the Princess in disguise tending her geese and so they married and lived happily ever after."

We fill in the blanks for ourselves with or without the aid of the good fairy "Bonne Chance." And for those who do not marry or live happily ever afterwards the highest and truest rôle in the fairy store awaits—it is for them to become the fairy god-mothers and god-fathers, and keep the old traditions of ever-ready, ever-willing service ever new, and make other's lives, if not their own, "a veritable fairy story."

R. A. P.

MISSIONARY WORK.

I do not think any letter on the above subject has appeared in our Magazine before, but is it not one of which children should be taught in some measure to realise the duty and the privilege?

We tell them about the various peoples of the world, their customs, habits, dress, &c.; and should they not also be told of what is being done by some of the greatest heroes and heroines of our time in striving to lift many of these heathen out of ignorance and sin into civilization and the possibility of a truly Christian life. That children may be interested in the subject, and that keenly, I, for one, know, having tried it many times, and it is instructive from every point of view; it enlarges one's borders, increases one's knowledge of geography and history, and enables one to realise the diversity of men and things.

Is it not also a great antidote to selfishness teaching that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and helping even children to realise the solemnity and obligation of our Lord's last command to His Church.

It will be found by practical experience that the benefits children are induced to promote on behalf of others reflect also on themselves; and whether rich or poor when they become interested by hearing they next want to do something.

There are many ways open to them:

- (1) Having a missionary box.
- (2) Making things for sale at home.
- (3) Making things to send abroad, such as prizes or Christmas gifts for native children.

Anyone reading for the first time of the delight in some of the schools—in India or in the Arctic Zone for example—when prizes sent out from England are distributed, cannot fail to be touched by it. I know, of course, that those who

live in families cannot take up subjects without the parents knowledge and consent; but surely there are few who would forbid one to mention this subject, and even if some were not very cordial about it at first, they might become deeply interested afterwards.

May I suggest as interesting for younger readers the little monthly magazine "The Round World," price $\frac{1}{2}$ d., published by the Church Missionary Society, it is most fascinating; and for older ones—who has not seen at Scale How, if nowhere else, "The Gleaner," price 1d., with its delightfully illustrated articles. Other societies publish similar ones.

I append a list of books which I know to be interesting. They are published by the Church Missionary Society, and are quite inexpensive.

"What's o'Clock," price 1s. 6d.

"Through my Spectacles in Uganda," price 1s. 6d.

"With Note Book and Camera," price 1s. 6d.

"Ever Westward through Heathen Lands," price 2s. 6d.

"Tufts and Tails," price 1s.

The book-room at Salisbury Square, where the above may be seen with many others, is open daily from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m.

M. W. K.

NATURE NOTES.

June 21.—Mr. Thornley took us all for a Nature Walk up Loughrigg. We had a most delightful time, and saw many things that were interesting and wonderful. The weather was very good to us: it was so cool for midsummer day, making our climb easy and exhilarating, and when we reached the top the sun shone out, gilding the outlines of cloud and mountain, and making a lovely picture of Lily Tarn and the distant prospect.

The insect world claimed a good deal of our attention. Three or four varieties of dragon fly were busy about the Tarn and its surrounding marshes. They looked gorgeous in the sunshine. They were: 1, the *Cordulagaster Annulatus*, with long, black, velvety body, yellow rings, and double wings; 2, the *Ischaura Elegans*, bronze with a blue ring near the end of the body; 3, the *Agnonpuella*, small blue variety; 4, the *Pyuhosoma Minium*, small red variety. Mr. Thornley told us the last two kinds fly with their fore-legs out in front in order to catch their prey.

The caddis flies looked like pale brown moths. We noticed their wings which have no true scales, and the antennæ are ringed.

The pretty little heath butterfly fluttered about, its fawn-coloured wings distinguishing it from other kinds, and the mountain moth was recognised by its black and white wings.

We saw several kinds of spiders, and Mr. Thornley told us that nearly all spiders can swim—he told us of the variety that makes a raft to sail upon.

The land beetles had most entertaining histories. The oil beetle (*Melœ Proscarabœus*) is a blackish blue. The female lays a large number of eggs in the ground, and the little fly-like larvæ creep into flowers and there await the visit of a solitary bee to which they attach themselves. In this way they are carried into the bee's nest where they feed on the honey. Here they grow very fat, and finally turn

into the grub from which emerges the oil beetle. When they are touched they exude a yellowish liquid from the joints of the legs, hence the name "oil beetle."

Next the common cockchafer (*Melolontha Bulgaris*) attracted our attention. The wing cases are reddish brown, partially covered with a whitish down. The abdomen is spotted and pointed at the end.

We also saw two or three specimens of the click beetle. These are so called because they are provided with a mechanism by which they can spring to their feet when placed on their backs. The larvæ of the red click beetle are known as wire worms, and are very destructive to plants. The beetles known as soldiers and sailors were also found. They are long with greyish black wing cases, and are found in the ground under stones.

The "harvesters" were interesting. The difference between them and the beetles is, the body of the beetle is in two parts, while that of the harvester is all in one like a spider. One harvester which we found under a stone was very beautiful. It was like brown velvet streaked with white. Its eye was on a point or stalk on the top of its back.

STUDENTS' LETTER.

SCALE HOW,

NOVEMBER, 1904.

DEAR EX-STUDENTS,

We are afraid this will be rather a short letter, but we do not know if you have heard how unfortunate we have been this term. At the beginning of this month two Seniors and one Junior retired to the Sanitorium (*i.e.*, Millet Room) with scarletina, which has been rife in the village all term. Several students subsequently developed sore throats, but a day's isolation in the housekeeper's room and a visit from the doctor removed all fears, and we have had no more cases.

Fräulein has facetiously likened the Millet Room to the Inferno, the housekeeper's room to the Purgatorio, and the House to the Paradiso. The necessary arrangements and precautions have caused Miss Mason and Miss Williams much inconvenience and worry, but everything is now going smoothly, and will, we hope, continue to do so till the end of the term. We expect Mr. Parez next week, a fortnight later than we at first expected.

During the first month of the term we enjoyed delightful weather, the half-holidays were always fine, bright October days, and we had some glorious walks.

We have been very fortunate in the Oxford Extension Lectures this year. Mr. Powys is giving most interesting lectures on some modern poets: George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Swinburne, Kipling are some of the poets whose works are being studied.

You will be sorry to hear that the Nook is no longer the favourite place it used to be. The Manchester Corporation is laying the second pipe from Thirlmere to Manchester, and the whole place is quite upturned and impassable.

We had a pleasant visit from Mrs. Berry Hart, from Edinburgh, about three weeks ago.

Alas! this is the last letter we shall write: we can hardly realise that in less than a month we ourselves shall be numbered among the ex-students. One of us goes to Colorado, another to New Zealand, and a third to the south of France, so that the question is, Will our Budget *be* a Budget? Wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, we remain,

(For the last time),

THE SENIOR STUDENTS.